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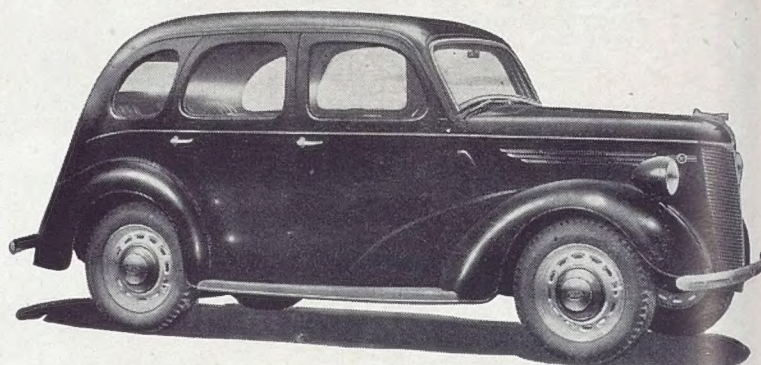


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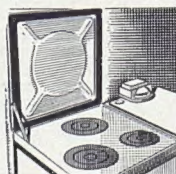


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Vol. CLXXIX. No. 2332



Lady Isabelle Milles by Antony Beauchamp

Lady Isabelle Milles, youngest sister of the Earl Soudes, is one of the most lovely and popular members of the younger set. During the war she worked in a shell factory in Surrey

SIMON HARCOURT-SMITH

PORTRAITS IN PRINT



“This age of the grave and the functional...”

As if the atom bomb did not hold horror enough in itself, now there comes the terrifying story of the shadows at Hiroshima—images of the town's last moments, a man leading a cart, a bridge, a child on her way to school—which through the grass growing again or some retarded freak of radio-action have begun to show on the battered ground.

The unleashing of atomic energy has launched us on to seas far more dangerous than even the Flying Dutchman sailed. We talk habitually of “exact science” as opposed to “magic.” But what could be more magical, in the sinister sense of the word, than the atomic bomb? And can those who begot it really define within limits the consequences of their impious discovery?

We have heard disagreeable stories of how the survivors at Hiroshima have begun to show symptoms close to those of cancer. We gather from the newspapers they have tended to lose their teeth and hair. Has no government the courage to tell us what are the exact delayed effects of atomic bombing?

Had The Germans Got It?

IT would also be a balm to our consciences if we knew definitely how near our enemies were to the atomic bomb at the end of the war. I remember hearing nearly a year ago that it was a race against time to overrun the German laboratories before they let loose the atomic bomb upon us. Now, come reports that the Germans were far behind us, or were only prosecuting their researches into the employment of atomic energy to provide industrial power: What is the truth? Were we, or rather the Americans, acting barbarously, or humanely, or in self-defence, when they sent down the first bomb?

The Spy Scare

A FRIEND of mine remarked the other day, apropos of the atomic espionage scare in Canada, that until the age of fourteen he had believed Life to be exactly as described in a Phillips Oppenheim story; he had spent from fourteen to twenty-eight learning this idea was totally false, and his subsequent years being driven back to the beliefs of his childhood. We now live in a world which is Buchan's *Powerhouse*, and all the thrillers about international intrigue are coming to very life.

After all, this is only a rational development of history. The events of the last hundred and fifty years are generally supposed to have marked the steady advance of the People to power. Few theses could be more specious and confusing, many could be more accurate. What we have been watching is the march to power of the adolescent minds. It began with William Pitt, that cold and perpetual adolescent. Dr. Arnold's system of instruction was unconsciously designed to turn England into a nation of arrested development. Sir James Barrie made a fetish of permanent infantilism; while some consider that the Boy Scout

movement led by devious courses to black and brown shirts. However that may be, Hess is obviously a fervent, unpleasant school-boy, and his leap into the dark over Scotland practically inaugurated what we may call the “Boy's Own Adventure Book” phase in world history.

We shall continue to be excited by stories of mysterious envoys, sudden arrests, masked men swooping on to lonely laboratories until one of two things happen—either we shall blow ourselves to perdition, or the “secret” of the “atom bomb” will be given to some international authority, far above the petty rivalries of mere national intelligence services. Until then, what could be more natural, more properly in the tradition of Oppenheim and Buchan than that every nation outside the charmed circle of the United States, Canada, and Great Britain, should seek to find out all it can?

Spring Flowers

I do not know what dire consequences have come to spring flowers from the recent snows. But a few days ago it was a rare pleasure to see the flower shops of Chelsea crammed with tulips and hyacinths and daffodils, at prices which one could once again contemplate without chill or irritation. There is a gap in one's life, I think, when one can no longer afford to put flowers into one's rooms, nor to send them as presents to pretty friends. In Peking a magical way of Chinese gardening kept one in flowers the whole winter through; and anti-social though it may seem, I like to think of the special train, in tsarist days, which hurried mimosa, violets, carnations and camelias, on ice all the way to Petersburg from the Riviera for some ball at the Winter Palace. Extravagance bought in the suffering of a million moujiks, no doubt. But nowadays we have lost the grand, the royal, the aristocratic folly for ever, and the poor people of this world hardly seem very much the happier.

Osterley And The National Trust

FOR months past I had heard rumours that Osterley, Lord Jersey's splendid house just off the Great West Road, was to be taken over by the National Trust. Now, apparently, it is an accomplished fact. Osterley, apart from being a house of rare beauty, possesses a romantic history. It was built by Thomas Gresham, son of the great Elizabethan economist who first advocated the building of a Stock Exchange, and enunciated the famous law about “bad” money driving “good” money out of circulation.

The main shell of the house, which survives to this day, was completed about 1577, and in Gresham's time was surrounded by his paper and corn mills. In 1711 it passed into the hands of another family prominently connected with the City and finance, for it was bought by Sir Francis Child, the Lord Mayor, whose name is still remembered in Child's

Bank. Between 1762 to 1765 Robert Adam was called in to make “improvements.” While keeping the main frame of the house, he added a large and noble portico, lowered the main floor by two feet, created a “piano nobile” and altered the shape of the windows.

Within the fabric he now created a miracle of his own cold fantasy, not such strong work perhaps as at Kedleston, or as splendid as at Syon, but particularly interesting for two important reasons. First, the extraordinary completeness of his decorations—not only mirrors, commodes, curtain pelmets, and carpets, but even the smallest details, down to the tassels at the ends of the curtain cords, fasteners of the shutters, and, if I remember rightly (for I have not been there since before the war), the very bell-pulls in the great saloons.

Secondly, because Osterley marks, more perhaps than any other fine Adam house, the great transition from his early to his later style. Adam began in what we may call the three-dimensional medium, which he had inherited from William Kent and Ware and Gibbs. He ended—and I say this with no wish to detract from his genius or to exasperate his champions—by deriving his principal effects from exquisite fine detail applied in a two-dimensional fashion to flat surfaces—rather as a potter paints a vase before firing it. It was this development which called forth—and with some justice, I think—the ire of Horace Walpole.

Charming Harmony

THE first time he went to Osterley, Adam had not fallen yet into his pretty errors, and Walpole was all praises for the new decorations—as far as they went. “The palace of palaces,” he cooed. “Such expense! Such taste! Such profusion! Mrs. Child's dressing-room is full of pictures, gold filigree, China and Japan. So is all the house, the chairs taken from antique lyres and make charming harmony.”

The Salvator Rosas, the Poussins, the pink tapestry room with Gobelins designed by Boucher—all drove him to ecstasies. He went back again some years later. Adam was still working there, but in his later manner. Nothing could hold Walpole's indignation within bounds. One look at the Etruscan room, and “Gingerbread,” he screamed, “snippets of embroidery.”

One can sympathize with Walpole. The seeds of decay and ruin, the seeds of what may be called “period fun” can already be seen in some of the later rooms at Osterley. His decoration is fancy dress, to be put on and off again, and you can quite understand how his principal successor, Wyatt, changed from the Classic to the Gothic style with the least of heart-searchings. Yet how thankful one is for Osterley, in this age of the grave and functional, how much it brings home to us the truth that no age can be really great unless at times it can relax.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK



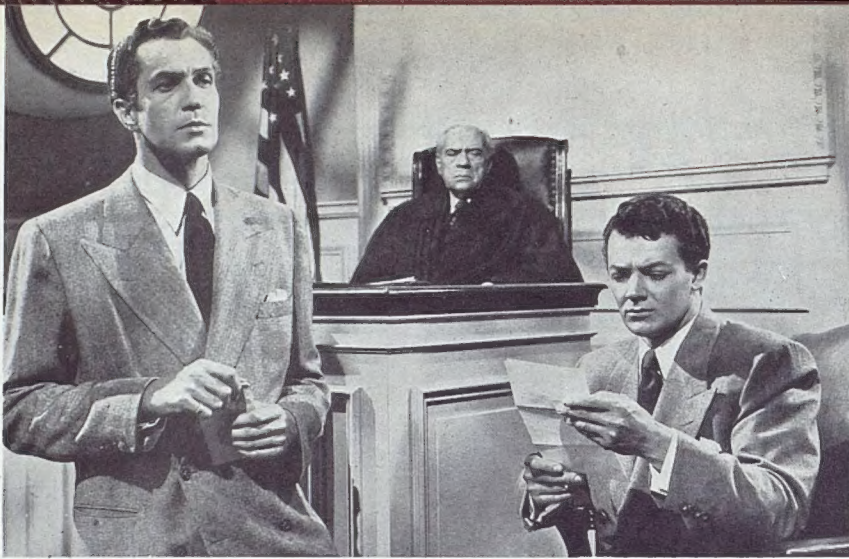
Emlyn Williams: One must consider . . .

Russell Sedgwick

Soon, very soon, these empty seats will be filled by applauding theatre-goers—if the play is right. Meantime, Emlyn Williams (adapting *Dear Evelyn* from the American stage and film play, *Guest in the House*, which Peter Dearing makes his first essay in production-management) sits there cutting, altering, twisting it to the English taste.

The auditorium is cold, there is no atmosphere, a smear of dust lies on the armrests of the seats. He turns up the collar of his coat, runs his fingers through his thick hair. He poises his pencil above a phrase that might or might not appeal. Upon such a matter the success (or otherwise) of a play may well depend.

Emlyn Williams, playwright, actor and linguist (he speaks five languages), originally intended to become a schoolmaster. He was a member of the O.U.D.S. at Oxford, and made his first appearance at the Savoy Theatre in 1927. Since then he has played many parts, written numerous successful long-run plays, and been responsible for the dialogue and adaptation of several films. He will be forty-one in November of this year.



The trial scene with Vincent Price and Cornel Wilde

Gene Tierney is Guilty of the Deadliest of the Seven Deadly Sins in "Leave Her To Heaven"

● Richard Harland (Cornel Wilde) falls in love and marries Ellen (Gene Tierney), although a friend warns him that she has a peculiarly jealous nature. At Richard's home, Ellen first becomes jealous of her husband's young brother, Danny, and is responsible for his death by drowning. Then just before she is to have a child she becomes so mad with jealousy about Richard and her half-sister, Ruth (Jeanne Crain), that she destroys it by throwing herself downstairs. Later, she hysterically confesses to Richard that she fell deliberately and that she also let Danny drown. Horrified, Richard leaves her and Ellen commits suicide. In the trial that follows, Ruth is all but accused of murder from evidence that Ellen had planted before her death, and Richard is imprisoned for two years, as an accessory after the fact. But Ruth waits for him

James Agate AT THE PICTURES

Scarlet Street, the picture now running at the Leicester Square Theatre, reminds me of an old controversy. The occasion was the first production in this country of Zola's *Thérèse Raquin*. I wonder, by the way, that the French, or even Hollywood's magnates have never thought of making a film out of this. Let me remind readers of the *Tatler* of the story.

The setting is a small draper's shop in a squalid corner of Paris, presided over by the strong-willed, doting Madame Raquin, whose weakling son, Camille, has married her niece Thérèse. The marriage is one of name only. Presently Thérèse takes a lover, who, with his mistress's connivance, murders Camille by tipping him out of a boat on one of those Sunday excursions by the Seine dear to the French *petit bourgeois*. A year later the guilty pair marry. But they cannot sleep; Camille's drowned face has murdered sleep. In the course of a quarrel they reveal their guilt to the old woman, who has a stroke. For a time she can neither speak nor write, and they live in fear of her recovery and the denunciation which they read in her eyes. One day it becomes obvious that she is getting better. Whereupon the pair take poison.

ZOLA was very careful to keep the criminals within, so to speak, the bounds of their crime. Laurent is not a poet like Macbeth, and therefore does not poetize. There comes a wonderful moment in the novel, and in the play made from it, in which Laurent, who has been afraid of Camille's ghost, becomes conscious of another fear. He has begun to notice a change in Thérèse. She goes out more than she used to. Can it be that her nerves are driving her towards confession? Confession to whom? A priest? The police? Laurent watches her and discovers that her rendezvous is of the most ordinary. "But that's all right" is his relieved comment. "A lover will keep her mind busy. What a bit of luck! No trouble with the police now." And he wonders why he has not thought of the same medicine. After a bit he does think of it, and it is Thérèse who finds the money for his succession of mistresses. End of Zola's story. Reflection: Are they not asses who pretend that the American author of *The Postman Always Rings Twice* thought of something new?

ASKED why he had not poetized his drama, Zola replied: "*Thérèse Raquin* is intended as a study not of character but of temperament.

This is the whole book. I have chosen two persons entirely dominated by their nerves and blood-stream, knowing nothing whatever about free-will, and whose every act is dictated by impulses of the flesh. Thérèse and Laurent are brutes in the guise of human beings, nothing more. I have tried to show, step by step, the way passion works in these brutes; how they are swayed by their instincts; how they cannot escape the mental deterioration which follows on the heels of nervous excitement. The love-making of my precious couple is the satisfaction of a need; the murder they commit proceeds from their adultery, and is looked upon by them as wolves look upon a sheep. Finally, what I have called remorse is no more than physical disorder, the protest of two nervous systems which have reached breaking-point. Soul is entirely lacking, I am happy to say, and principally because I have willed it so."

WE have been told that America's Committee of Mrs. Grundys has banned *Scarlet Street* because the slut behaves like a slut, the fancy-boy like a fancy-boy, and the old fool like the traditional old fool. Well, I think, perhaps, I won't fall for that nonsense. What were Jean Harlow's characters if not sluts? And what Mae West's? And what have nearly all Marlene Dietrich's young women been if not beglamoured sluts? What about the *souteneurs* brilliantly acted by Humphrey Bogart and George Raft? What about the Jannings's studies of trustful and libidinous senility?

No, even Hollywood can't make me believe that the objection to this film is on moral grounds. I am going to suggest another reason. Readers who have seen the film will remember that the old fool lets the fancy-boy go to the chair for a murder that he, the old fool, committed, whereby he spends the rest of his life in an agony of remorse. And here, I think, is the snag. The film shows an obvious miscarriage of justice. But less than a month ago we saw a Hollywood film in which a character remarked: "One happy afternoon when God was feeling good, He sat down and thought up a beautiful country, and he called it the U.S.A." Here, I repeat, is the snag. America doesn't want the world to know that in that wonderful country, thought up one fine afternoon, such a thing as a miscarriage of justice is possible. Lynchings? Pooh! America has never heard of 'em! In the meantime, I advise people to go and have another look at

slut, fancy-boy, and old fool. And let them reflect that in this country, which doesn't pretend to be quite so beautiful, this comedy is being acted nightly at least five hundred times to the West End square mile. And that everybody concerned is entirely happy about it.

Leave Her To Heaven, the new film at the Odeon, escapes a miscarriage of justice only by the skin of its teeth. Ellen Berent (Gene Tierney) is an abnormally possessive young woman who adds a father-fixation to her possessive mania. She drives the old man first crazy, then into his grave; one of her tricks is to attempt to inflame his affection by getting herself engaged to a lawyer, one Russell Quinton (Vincent Price). My advice to all parents with sons or daughters possessed of fixations is to take a broom-handle and use it well and often. But that is by the way.

The lawyer having served his purpose, the wretched Ellen then gets herself engaged to Richard Harland (Cornel Wilde). Richard is one of those odd young Americans who graduate at a university, study art in Paris, and return home with a vocabulary of words of one syllable, and use phrases like: "She looked good to me, and she smelled good to me." The kind which has kid brothers who talk with what in this country we should call a board-school accent.

This film's kid brother taking up too much of Richard's attention, Ellen promptly drowns him. Next, she is going to have a baby, and as she fears that it will command too much of her father's attention, she gets rid of it by throwing herself downstairs. As a "final, giddy par-ergon" she commits suicide, arranging for the blame to be thrown on her half-sister, Ruth (Jeanne Crain), with whom, by this time, Richard is in love. The case looking extremely black for Ruth, Richard in the witness-box spills the beans about his wife's true character. Whereupon the jury, being a nice lot of sentimental Americans, disbelieve all the evidence which has been laid before them, and on his word alone believe Richard, who, however, is given two years as an accessory after the fact since, knowing about his kid brother's murder, he said nothing.

Gene Tierney makes me ache to give her a sock on the jaw, whence I argue a good performance. The others are excellent, and the whole thing takes place in a blaze of Technicolor, a welter of swimming pools, and a world of arrested mental development.



Gene Tierney as Ellen, a modern Jezebel

The Theatre

"The Guinea Pig" (Criterion)



Mrs. Hartley, the reactionary housemaster's wife (Edith Sharpe), rejoices in her daughter Lynne's (Rachel Gurney) engagement to the house tutor



Mr. and Mrs. Read (Joan Hickson and Duncan Lewis), call at the school to see their son, the "guinea pig"

WHEN schoolmasters crop up as a subject we are all prone to think of one in particular who dominated our young lives. He has fixed the type for us. Indeed, an encounter with the headmaster of an ancient foundation who is actually younger than ourselves is often the first clear and somewhat startling indication of middle age: until then we had naturally assumed that all headmasters were venerable birds with beards.

Mr. Chetham-Strode's delightful comedy of school life is weakened by the introduction of a housemaster whose die-hard educational views now appear antediluvian: he is probably someone the author knew twenty-five years ago. Hartley, whose house is admittedly the best at Saintbury, is horrified when asked by a liberal-minded headmaster to admit a primary schoolboy, the son of a Pimlico tobacconist. The boy is badly dressed, resentful of discipline; he speaks with a deplorable accent and he will probably turn out to be fond of girls.

How can such a boy ever be "turned out to pattern." For with Hartley the pattern is all. It is his professed object to make all Saintburians alike—decent athletic fellows who can be trusted to dress, speak and think as Old Saintburians for the rest of their lives.

THERE can be no doubt that Hartley is a caricature of the conservative housemaster to be found in public schools today, but for those who are willing to accept the piece simply as a lively, amusing and effectively sentimental entertainment this will not matter at all. Indeed, they will enjoy the pig-headed splendour of Mr. Cecil Trouncer's stand against progress all the more for the exuberant idiocy of Hartley's educational views. And the others who find food for serious thought in the comedy will possibly condone the author's over-emphasis on the ground that the enemy of public school reform is less often the headmaster than the housemaster.

It is Mr. Chetham-Strode's point that Hartley has got himself locked up in his own concentrated efficiency and can no longer see beyond the means to the end. A housemaster is powerful enough to fight alone. Ranged against Hartley are the headmaster, his wife, his daughter and his house-tutor; but it would go hard with the hapless "guinea pig" if the house-tutor did not happen to be a young, intelligent, up-to-date master who has left a leg in the Middle East and knows how to gain the confidence of boys as well as soldiers. The scene in which he lets a gleam of hope into the boy's defiant misery is beautifully written and by Mr. Robert Flemmyng and young Derek Blomfield beautifully played.

WE might have hoped to see more of the boy's own development among his fellows, but the author is probably true to life in making little or nothing of it. Boys are malleable creatures and a single term would, so far as the boy himself is concerned, see the problem solved. Only adults could on a fixed point of principle keep the problem going for longer; and it is out of them that Mr. Chetham-Strode makes his comedy.

It is uniformly polite comedy enlivened by well-selected and skilfully treated incidents, and softened by a little judicious love-making. All the acting is pleasant, Mr. Trouncer overstating with gusto, Mr. Flemmyng understating without missing a point of the character, Miss Edith Sharpe playing the perfect housemaster's wife with the most sensitive repressiveness and Derek Blomfield making us all like the boy from Pimlico.

And how good is Mr. William Mervyn as the modern headmaster who is too shrewd to let his enlightened ideas shine too plainly. Altogether, what is called "a box-office certainty" and more deserving of a long run than many other certainties.

ANTHONY COOKMAN

Sketches by
Tom Titt



Dennis Stringer, M.A. (William Mervyn), the headmaster, who steers a smooth course through the conflict of old and new ideas



Read (Derek Blomfield), the "guinea pig," wretched and unsure between the understanding of his tutor, Nigel Lorraine (Robert Flemmyng), and the fury of his housemaster, Lloyd Hartley (Cecil Trouncer)



The "Peer Gynt" Ballet

"Song of Norway": the Life and Music of Edvard Grieg

A Spectacular Production

● *The Song of Norway*, which is to be presented by Emile Littler at the Palace Theatre on March 7th, is an operetta based on the life and music of the Norwegian composer Edvard Grieg, and is now in the second year of its run on Broadway. Among the colourful scenes is the Festival of St. John on Midsummer's Eve in Bergen; then there is the traditional wedding Pillow Dance, a ballet danced to the Peer Gynt Suite, and another set to the A Minor Concerto, and danced against a background of the fiords and mountain peaks of Norway. Making their first appearance in operetta are the opera singers Janet Hamilton-Smith as Louisa Giovanni, and John Hargreaves as Edvard Grieg: both are known to music-lovers for their long association with the Sadler's Wells Opera. Edvard Grieg, the master who brought the song of Norway to the ears of the whole world, once wrote: "It is not for me to build lofty palaces and mighty cathedrals of music. But rather cottages, in which men may dwell and rest their hearts." It is also given to few men to found a national art. It was not easy for Edvard Grieg to do so, but he succeeded. Alone in his little work-hut perched precariously above the fjord, he created, from his own original genius a national tradition, a library and an art form for the music of Norway. The operetta itself is set among the mountains and fiords of Norway, in the Conservatoire of Music at Copenhagen and in the Rome of 1870. The company includes over forty opera singers and a full ballet company. The ballet choreography is by Robert Helpmann and Pauline Grant, and the operetta is staged and directed by Charles Hickman



Halina Victoria and John Hargreaves as Nina Hagerup and Edvard Grieg

Photographs by Alexander Bender



Salmon Fishing Has Started in Ireland on the Banks of the Famous Blackwater Stretch—The Duke of Devonshire
Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, eldest daughter of the Duke of Devonshire

JENNIFER WRITES

HER SOCIAL JOURNAL

ROYAL REOPENING

WHEN Their Majesties the King and Queen with Queen Mary and the two Princesses honoured the reopening of the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, with their presence, the Sadler's Wells Ballet presented *The Sleeping Beauty*, a ballet with music by Tchaikovsky, staged with the most superb décor and costumes by that talented designer, Oliver Messel.

In the Royal Box the Queen looked radiant in a pale grey dress, with which she wore her lovely pearls and a fine diamond tiara and diamond ear-rings. The King, in naval uniform, sat between the Queen and Queen Mary, who looked most regal in a blue evening coat trimmed with sable over her evening dress; she also wore a diamond tiara and fine jewels.

Princess Elizabeth wore a pretty, long evening dress in soft rose-pink and two strings of pearls. Princess Margaret, who wore no jewellery, had chosen a fluffy white dress.

This is the first time the two Princesses had visited the Royal Opera House, and they took the keenest interest in the Ballet and their surroundings and were obviously enjoying the evening. It was a gay scene after the drabness of theatre audiences during the past six years, though, of course, not up to some of the pre-war scenes at Covent Garden. Many beautiful jewels were worn; evening clothes of every colour made a reappearance against the background of crimson and gold. I even saw two men in coloured velvet jackets, though most of them wore the more conventional black barathea dinner-jackets.

SOME OF THE JEWELS

MARY COUNTESS OF HOWE was an outstanding figure in the audience in her long white ermine coat over a black velvet dress. With these she wore her exquisite diamond tiara and fine diamond corsage ornaments. She was accompanied by her son, Viscount Curzon, in naval uniform. The Countess of Rosse, in black, wore her magnificent emerald and diamond jewellery, which includes a necklace, huge drop ear-rings and bracelets to match. She was sitting in the stalls with her brother, Mr. Oliver Messel. Just behind sat the Marquess and Marchioness of Linlithgow. Lord Linlithgow and Mr. Messel were two of

the few men present wearing white ties. Behind them again sat the Chinese Ambassador and Mme. Wellington Koo, wearing her wonderful jade jewels which are surrounded by diamonds. Mme. Wellington Koo had a full-length cape of white ermine perfectly worked in a diagonal pattern. Lady Dalrymple-Champneys, accompanied by Sir Weldon, was another wearing really beautiful jewels.

IN THE INTERVALS

LORD KEYNES, chairman of the Covent Garden Opera Trust, had a box next to the Royal party, and he and Lady Keynes held quite a little reception during the intervals. Lady Keynes is still remembered by all lovers of ballet as Lydia Lopokova. Lady Cunard, another great patron of the Arts, wearing a chinchilla coat over a blue dress, with a little blue bow in her hair, was sitting in the grand circle with Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Bevin, the latter wearing a grey squirrel coat over her evening dress.

A little further along I saw M. and Mme. Massigli, the latter wearing a shimmering dress of blue sequins. Mr. and Mrs. Attlee were together and arrived in good time.

Others in the front row were the Earl and Countess of Clarendon and Lord and Lady Jowitt, who sat next to Lady Megan Lloyd George. Air Marshal Viscount Portal of Hungerford and Viscountess Portal were strolling along inside the foyer before the show. During one of the intervals I saw Mr. Herbert Morrison enjoying a sausage-roll at the very good cold buffet, which was being patronised by many of the audience, including the Soviet Ambassador and Mme. Gusev.

Viscount and Viscountess Hambleden had gathered quite a party of friends round them on the stairs during this interval. Lord Killanin was walking around meeting friends with his attractive wife. Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell, one of the few women wearing a long printed dress, was with her husband.

OTHERS IN THE AUDIENCE

OTHERS I saw were Lady Mary Herbert, wearing purple, who was in attendance on the Queen, Lord and Lady Iliffe, Earl and Countess

De La Warr, Lord and Lady Tedder, the Duke of Wellington, Lady Juliet Duff and her tall son, Sir Michael Duff, Sir Alan and Lady Herbert. Sir Kenneth and Lady Clark were in a box with the Marquess of Queensberry and Viscount and Viscountess Moore. The Marchioness of Headfort was in a box on the other side of the theatre with some of her family.

Sir Barry Jackson was there, and so were Commander and Mrs. Cazalet-Keir, Lady Violet Bonham-Carter, Mrs. Eric Davies, Lady Iris O'Malley, Lady Colefax, Lady Seton-Karr with her daughter, Lady Marks, Mr. and Mrs. Aneurin Bevan, Lord Berners, Colonel the Hon. J. J. and Lady Violet Astor, Sir Alfred and Lady Munnings, Mrs. Philip Hill, Mr. Chuter Ede, Mr. Robert Donat and Mrs. Derek Walker, with a plait of hair done most becomingly round her head.

SAILORS' DAY

H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent, wearing a mink coat to which she had pinned a spray of white orchids and stephanotis, and an attractive hat made entirely of brown ostrich feathers, once again showed her great interest in the Senior Service when she made an excellent short speech in support of Sailors' Day, which is to be held on April 9th, and Sailors' Week, around the same date. As she said, we all owe so much to the men of the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy that the Sailors' Day and the Week are being organised to raise funds for King George's Fund for Sailors, which helps both Services.

H.R.H. was speaking at the party given by Mrs. Alexander at Admiralty House for the organisers of Sailors' Day. Many of the organisers who have worked since the start of the Flag Day six years ago were presented to Her Royal Highness.

The First Lord also spoke in support of the appeal, as did the Rt. Hon. Alfred Barnes, Minister of War Transport, and Captain W. Beswick, D.S.C., who is a Director of Wreckages at the Admiralty now. Mrs. Alexander, who is President of the appeal, had only just recovered from influenza in time for the party, but in spite of this was standing welcoming everyone and looking charming in black, with a spray



Brought a House-Party Back to Careysville, Nr. Fermoy, Co. Cork, for the First Time for Six Years

Miss Angela Jackson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Anthony Jackson, who is a member of the fishing party

Photographs by Frank O'Brien, Fermoy

Captain Waterhouse with the catch

of pink orchids pinned to her dress. Mrs. Attlee had also chosen orchids, pale-yellow ones, to wear on her plain black coat.

Plans for the flag day are well advanced, and at the party I heard that Viscountess Addison, wife of the Leader of the House of Lords, is organising Sailors' Day in Westminster with Mrs. Sargent. Mrs. Attlee, who for the past five years has organised the day in Stanmore, recently gave a party in her flat in 10, Downing Street to her fellow-workers in Harrow, and they decided there and then to run a Sailors' Day in Harrow to carry on her good work.

POINT-TO-POINT

THE first point-to-point to be held since the war was the Cambridgeshire Harriers, which was run over the Cottenham course. There were over a hundred entries, and big fields in every race. An enormously big entry for the Open Nomination Race made it necessary for it to be run in two divisions, with a silver cup for each division, fifteen runners in the first division and twenty-one in the second. The first division was won by the Hon. Mrs. Harry Llewellyn's Bay Marble, which had come all the way from Monmouthshire, with Mr. J. Bloom's Kylarkin (Norwich Staghounds) second, and Mr. A. Delahooke's Walk On (Whaddon Chase) third. The second part of the Nomination Race was won by Mr. E. Delfosse's Irish Bachelor, from the Old Berkeley country, with Mr. E. Cockburn's Maltese Wanderer second, and Mrs. Roy Gaskell's Wish Me Luck third. The two latter had come from the Warwickshire country.

There was tremendous cheering when Mr. Hugh Gingell won the Adjacent Hunts' Race on Cox's Orange. His wife is the popular Master of the Cambridgeshire Harriers. There was a big attendance, in spite of the bad weather and biting wind. Many familiar faces from the flat-racing world were to be seen, including Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford and their daughters, Violet and Catherine, Mr. and Mrs. Hervey Leader, Mr. and Mrs. Bernard van Cutsem and their little son, Lord Irwin and his small daughter, Caroline, Mr. Jack Colling, Major Harry Misa (who acted as judge), Mr. and Mrs. Nicky Morris, Mr. and Mrs. Scott-Miller, Captain and Mrs. Brian Rootes, Mr. Teddy Lambton with his tall sister, Sybil, and Major and Mrs. Phil Cripps.

Major E. R. T. Holmes, the Surrey cricketer, was there with his wife and daughter. Lady Joan Birbeck, wife of a former M.F.H. of the West Norfolk, brought her schoolgirl daughter, Mary, who was thrilled with the racing. Mrs. Jackson Freeman was up from the V.W.H. country with her husband, who rode her horse in the Nomination Race. Mr. Jackson Freeman, who was a successful point-to-point rider before the war, was taken prisoner by the Germans in 1940, and this was his first ride in public since his return home.



Prime Minister Broadcasts to America from Sulgrave Manor, Northants

On the anniversary of George Washington's birthday, Mr. and Mrs. Attlee visited Sulgrave Manor, the ancestral home of the Washington family. They are seen in the grounds with Lord Spencer, on the extreme right, and Sir Harry Brittain, the second from the left



Mrs. R. C. Rootes and Major
D. Evatt



3rd/O. Daphne Barham, W.R.N.S., 2nd Lt. David Barham, Household Cavalry,
Capt. H. A. Barham, Countess Pongracz de Saint Michel Etovar, F/Lt. G. L. Phillips
and Mrs. H. A. Barham

Ashford Valley Foxhounds Hunt Ball at Calehill, Little Chart, Kent



Miss Pearl Glessing and Lt.
J. H. J. Voorspuy



Mr. E. Clifford Smith, Mr. Peter Russell, Capt.
Peter Demery, Mrs. Clifford Smith, Mrs. Peter
Demery and Miss H. Hilton Simpson



Mrs. Philip Le Gros and Major A.
Mackenzie-Charrington



Lt.-Col. J. G. B. Halden and
Mrs. T. B. Weldon



Major and Mrs. J. M.
Gray



A sextet were Miss Betty Phillips, Miss Enid Mallard, Miss Pat Cousins, Capt. K. G. Rothwell, Mr. L. J. Phillips and Mr. C. F. Page



Major S. G. R. Barratt, Master of the Old Berkeley (East), and Mrs. Kelly. Behind them is Mrs. Barratt

The Old Berkeley Beagles Hunt Ball

At the Bull's Head Hotel, Aylesbury



Mr. J. F. Matheson, Joint-Master of the Old Berkeley Beagles, Col. Deberux, Master of the Old Berkeley (West), and Lord Chesham, who is a former Master of the Old Berkeley and of the Bicester



Capt. John Hill, a former Master of the Old Berkeley Beagles, with Mrs. Darvill



F/Lt. Sharp with Miss Sheila Ryam



Major and Mrs. Anthony Brett and Mr. and Mrs. Peter Agnew



Mr. Dick Micklem and Mrs. Matheson

English Visitors Staying for the Winter Sports at St. Moritz

Here are More "Tatler"
Pictures of British People
Enjoying Swiss Hospitality
and Kindness During the
Winter-Sports Season

Photographs by Mary Milner,
St. Moritz



Countess de BERNI is taking a holiday with her little daughter after strenuous days at the British Embassy in Paris. She is seen here with Baron Charles Buxhoeveden



One of the very few men in British uniform to be seen in St. Moritz: Lt. Leslie Scott, a Commando on his way back to Germany



Mr. Charles Oppenheim awaits his partner in the Rope Race, Mrs. Bill Bracken



Mr. and Mrs. Hobart Moore, back at the Palace Hotel after a long day's ski-ing



Miss Gwen Kingham and Prince and Princess Furstenberg watching a "Rope Race"



Mrs. Charles Oppenheim with Mr. and Mrs. Rivers Kirby on their way to the funicular

Racing in Ireland

At Leopardstown,
Dublin, Cool Customer
Wins the Leopardstown
'Chase of 1,000 Sovs.

Photographs by
Poole, Dublin



Cool Customer, with R. O'Ryan in the saddle. He is owned by the Scottish sportsman Major R. Stirling-Stuart, and trained by Mr. H. Riddell-Martin



Don Ferdinando d'Ardia Caracciolo, with Miss Zita Hartigan, daughter of the Irish trainer Mr. Hubert Hartigan



Miss Imogen Chichester, Major R. Stirling-Stuart, Scots Greys, Miss Jean Stirling-Stuart and Mr. Ian Dudgeon, late Scots Greys



Mrs. Dermot McGillicuddy, Mrs. Victor McCalmont, Miss Charity Harbord-Hammond and Mr. Eric Harcourt-Wood



Major Victor McCalmont, the amateur rider, Lady Ainsworth, wife of Sir Thomas Ainsworth, and Mrs. McCalmont



Miss Jean Hope-Johnstone, with Viscountess Jocelyn, wife of the Earl of Roden's son and heir



Miss Angela Jackson, Mrs. Andrew Knowles and Lady Elizabeth Cavendish, elder daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Devonshire



1. **Suspicious**—"There he stood, the old Black Market twister. I assure you his expression simply dared me to try and buy a chicken off him at less than 500 francs"



2. **Ingratiating**—"But I wasn't going to be intimidated. I really wanted that chicken, so I winked at him and tried to look as if I was one of the boys"



3. **Aggressive**—"He showed his teeth at me in an ugly leer, so I showed mine back at him. Worth a lot more than his, too"

PRISCILLA (fit again)

in PARIS

"Black Market or starve . . ."

I HAD quite forgotten what it feels like to be really ill, and when I realised that I could no longer smash the third attack of *grippe* in four weeks "because," said the vet., "the right lung is seriously congested," I gave up the struggle gracefully and decided to take a fairly-needed rest. Wishing to do the thing in style, I rang up the few nursing homes I have known in my long but very healthy career. I had visions of a quiet room, lots of flowers, baskets of fruit, deft, quiet-shod attendance and, above all, no telephone to answer. At the end of half an hour, however, I turned my face to the wall, wept a little, and passed out . . .

Apparently every decent nursing home in Paris is full to the lid and brimming over: prospective patients must bring their towels and bed-linen and "all matters appertaining to diet must be arranged for verbally"!, which means, of course, Black Market or starve. Thereupon it seems that my Abigail upped and told my distracted husband that she was quite capable of looking after me. This was truly noble, for Josephine, who has been with me nearly twenty years, has survived the cook I can no longer afford, and remains with only a lady-by-the-day to help, has more to do than most specialised servants would care to undertake.

The husband then suggested a nurse, but Josephine declared that while she could put up with queues and que-pons and restrictions and certain unavoidable forms of B.M., she would *not* put up with a nurse in the house! For two days and nights she dosed me every three hours with one of the newfangled dopes that evidently do the trick but leave one feeling like those curious, anæmic-looking things that crawl out from under disturbed rocks at low tide. After that, I revived enough to turn the alarm clock into an auxiliary nurse, did the dosing myself, and allowed poor Josephine to enjoy her well-earned nights' rest peacefully. When a French servant is good she is very, very good, and she must be treated as she deserves, *c'est-à-dire*: as "one of the family"! Here I had better

stop. I might start throwing myself bouquets, since I maintain that, even now, one has the servants one deserves, and when I hear people grouching because they can't find "even a char," I always have the sneaking suspicion that there must be something wrong about them!

HAPPILY enough, my first outing coincided with the *répétition générale* of Miss Daphne du Maurier's *Rebecca*, at the Théâtre de Paris. It's a dangerous business, always, that of bringing a best-seller to the stage, and the spectators who had not read the novel must have had a greater thrill than those who knew just "how," *pourquoi et comment*, and yet expected to recapture the feeling of anguish and loneliness that pervades the first part of the story.

The players are excellent, a packed house watched and listened with bated breath when Fernand Gravet held the stage and little Lize Topart, as the child-wife (rather more child than wife), fought for 'er 'appiness! The Ambassador and Lady Diana were in a box with M. Georges Auric. I asked him what he thought of the *décor*, the French *décorateur's* idea of the Cornish fastness of Manderley more closely resembling something that Hollywood might have labelled "chatto-on-the-Loire" than anything else, but Auric only giggled.

Before falling ill I made a trip with the ambulance to take a dear old lady of eighty-seven down to Dijon—the town of marvellous mustard! She was very frail, but she was a great talker, and when we finally got her safely tucked up in her own bed with her heart ticking-over nicely and no temperature to speak of, she insisted on opening a bottle of Pommery and drinking her fair share of it too. She had been reading Lysiane Bernhardt's *Sarah Bernhardt, Ma Grand'mère*, and was delighted with it. "But," she said to me, "you, of course, cannot remember *cette grande, très grande artiste* at her best." There was regret and perhaps a little bitterness in her voice, and I thought of

C. B. Cochran, who, in the most recent of his fascinating biographies, says: "Could anybody who heard Sarah fail to see red, as I do, when people ask, 'Would audiences be moved by Sarah Bernhardt to-day?'"

THINKING hard, I tried to answer my old lady and "Cockie" at the same time. I think I said something like this: "I always heard my parents speak of her with love and admiration, and they never missed a performance when 'La divine Sarah' came to London, but I was ten years old before I saw her, in 1900, when she created *l'Aiglon*. Even now I can still feel the beating of my heart as we waited for the curtain to go up. . . . I had been told 'she is no longer young, but she has a wonderful voice.' Words that meant absolutely nothing to me.

"When she appeared she seemed the mere boy she was supposed to be, and when she spoke my heart missed its beat and did strange things in my wrists and throat. . . . She was young and supple; how boyishly she straddled a chair, how lightly she swung on to her horse, and how manly was her stride across the immense stage of the theatre that still bears her name. [During Occupation the Germans renamed it 'Théâtre de la Cité,' but almost every night the old name was chalked up again by faithful hands and sometimes painted across the façade.] I was not a particularly impressionable child and this was by no means my first visit to the theatre, but I remember that *matinée*—we came up from the country where we were spending the summer holidays—as if it was yesterday. I don't care how hard-boiled the brats and young people of to-day are: any audience that could see and hear Sarah Bernhardt as I did would be swept off its feet." My old lady was delighted. I wish I had remembered to tell her also that, every year, at La Toussaint, Sarah's grave is always covered with the fresh Parma violets that she loved. She is not forgotten, and she never will be.



4. **Abusive**—"We went at it hammer-and-tongs, and added a few remarks upon each other's ancestry—no hard feelings, of course"



5. **Victorious**—"I knew I had it in the bag. Then we clinched the deal and I bore off the prize in triumph—only 490 francs. C'est magnifique"



6. **Self-pitying**—"You've no idea the trouble I had. My jaw felt quite sore, and as for my hands . . ."

The Man with the Most Expressive Face in Paris

Jean Rigaux Buys a Chicken

● Jean Rigaux is one of the heroes of the Occupation. Night after night while the Germans strutted in the Champs Elysées he kept Paris smiling with his jokes . . . for five years. He had been busy in the Army until June 1940, and when he became a civilian again he kept up his own private war on his two enemies, Nazism and Gloom. To-day he is still appearing nightly in a Montmartre cabaret called *The Two Donkeys*. When he steps on the stage he gets an ovation; when he tells a story the roof shakes. He specialises in long stories, elaborated with a wealth of detail and expression, and his monologues, like the one pictured on these pages, "How to Buy a Chicken in the Black Market," are popular favourites. Just as good as his stories are his expressions and gestures—they say he has the most expressive face in Paris. Rigaux has been a natural comedian since he was at kindergarten. Every school in Paris was obliged to get rid of him, not because he would not keep at his studies, but because he undermined discipline, and always had any class in roars of laughter. Paris will long laugh at his stories



7. **Disappointed**—"But, of course, it was hardly a chicken—more like an old-age pensioner"



Princess Elizabeth, Princess Margaret Rose, the King and Queen and Queen Mary in the Royal Box. The Queen wore a picture gown of palest grey tulle, ornamented with rows of cyclamen and silver and scalloped embroidery. Queen Mary wore a coat of brocade with a high collar of brown fur, while Princess Elizabeth was in pale rose-pink and Princess Margaret Rose in white. Both of them had sprays of white flowers at the shoulder

"THE SLEEPING BEAUTY" AT COVENT GARDEN

THE ROYAL OPERA HOUSE at Covent Garden has seen some strange changes in the war years. Among other things, it was a wartime Palais de Danse. In that guise it probably did a good job. But—on February 20th this year, Covent Garden came into its own again; and much of the elegance of yesterday was once more fulfilled in the present.

Standing in the brilliantly lighted foyer, you (at last) knew that the war years were over and that here was one of the first visual signs of the return to peace and the restoration of at least one aspect of art and culture. Those who came were mostly dressed as the occasion demanded, beautiful women in dresses that swept the floor, with their furs and their jewels, and their hair sleek and well-groomed, dressed high on the head or worn long on the shoulders; little was to be seen of wartime utility hair-styles. More of an undercurrent of austerity

was to be seen among the men; only a few were wearing white tie and tails; mostly they were in dinner jackets. And side by side with all these were men in uniforms and lounge suits and women in coats and skirts. In the auditorium one walked on the softness of a new crimson carpet, which (they say) was arranged by the Office of Works. . . .

All the covers were clean and renewed and the familiar curtains were bearing the Royal cipher. The furniture had been stored in the vaults under the Opera House during the war and had come unharmed through the raids.

Most of all marking the stateliness of the occasion was the presence of H.M. the King and the Royal Family, while for the Royal Princesses, who have grown up in the war years, the evening must have seemed a spectacle of quite extraordinary brilliance and excitement. This was especially noticeable in

the rapt silence of Princess Margaret Rose which alternated during the performance with bursts of enthusiastic applause. Not only our Royal Family but many representatives of the Government were in the theatre; and members of the Cabinet lined the front row of the Grand Circle.

When the lights dimmed before the performance there was an atmosphere of expectancy, as of a great crowd about to witness a spectacle that might have for ever been a lost beauty if these six years had ended differently. There were those who remembered the last time *The Sleeping Beauty* was performed in March 1939, on the occasion of the State visit to this country of the French President, M. Lebrun and his wife.

We are, perhaps, inclined to forget that this theatre was built in 1772, was twice burned down, and had as its first production Congreve's *Way of the World*. The second season at Covent Garden



In the prologue of the ballet, fairies attend and bestow their gifts at the christening of Princess Aurora. They are the Fairies of the Lilac (Beryl Grey), the Crystal Fountain (Moirá Shearer), the Enchanted Garden (Gillian Lynne), the Woodland Glades (Anne Negus), the Song Birds (Pauline Clayden), and the Golden Vine (Margaret Dale)

NT GARDEN

opened with a performance of Handel's oratorios; a few years later the composer himself proposed a London season of Italian opera which was not regarded as a success at that time, and in 1808 fire destroyed all the original opera scores.

John Keble played there and was proprietor of the theatre for some years at the beginning of the nineteenth century; Mrs. Siddons took her farewell from the stage there in 1812, and four years later Macready made his debut. Two of the greatest opera singers of all time were associated with the Royal Opera House for memorable occasions in their careers: Melba first sang there in 1888, and Tetrazzini's debut was made at the Royal Opera House in 1907.

What names are these, and what a bulwark of tradition stands behind the Royal Opera House, now reopened as a National Lyric Theatre, to spur it on its way.

DAPHNE NIXON



Gordon Anthony

Margot Fonteyn as Princess Aurora, who dances the heroine of this immortal legend with the æsthetic beauty and lyrical quality of an enchanted Princess



Tatler's caustic artist, Wysard, vastly impressed by the endless stream of official exhortations to do this, and that, and the other, sees members of the Government's "recruiting" team as the highlight of this month of March

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "Sabretache"



Lord Stalbridge with His Three Grand National Entries

Lord Stalbridge, the sixty-six-year-old sporting peer and a former Master of Foxhounds, is training his own three entrants for the Grand National, and is assisted in his training establishment at Pounds Farm, Eastbury, near Newbury, by two young members of the Women's Land Army. Lord Stalbridge watches his three horses at training on the downs. They are Bogskar, winner of the Grand National in 1940; Red Rower, winner of the Cheltenham Gold Cup in 1945, and Red April

A New Ministry

ANOTHER United Friend (a quite different gentleman from the two who said that Mr. Bevin was the dead spit and image of both Lord Byron and Lord Curzon), after looking us over, says that what we need most is a Minister of Fun and Games. This critic does not think that we laugh and frolic quite enough. Perhaps so! But then, he was three or four thousand miles away from the front line during the period 1939-45, instead of only seven minutes, and he never knew what it was jockeys endure when they are wasting.

Our critic, rather a sardonic person, likewise never knew what it felt like to play the sitting bird, far more tiresome, I do assure him, than being the fighting cock. It is very infuriating to some natures to be compelled to let the other chap do all the hitting. A Minister of Fun and Games by all means! But who? He would have to be a well-shaken cocktail of, let us say, Lord Rosebery, Lord Stalbridge, Lord Burleigh, the Charlton centre-forward, Commander C. B. Fry, Mr. Guy Nickalls, "Fenchie" Nicholson, Gordon Richards, Melbourne Inman, Woodcock and, perhaps, Mr. Tommy Handley and Miss Hotchkiss. The difficulty involved in finding such a gentleman would seem to be simply stupendous, and, as I feel about it, insuperable.

Still Regent

THE prudent would have taken no more notice of Prince Regent's defeat (a neck and a head) by Loyal King and Erinor, both getting 3 st., over 2½ miles of the Baldoye course on February 23rd, than they did of his defeat by a short head at Leopardstown on November 10th last year by Roman Hackle, to whom he was also giving 3 st. It is also suggested that we forget his running at Wetherby on December 15th last year, when Gyppo, getting 15 lb., managed to get to within half a length. Prince Regent was going well without himself at the finish, and the little slip he made at the water did not upset him. Gyppo has just run away with a 3-mile 'chase at Catterick, in which the northern National fancy, Limestone Edward, was unplaced, but ran and jumped well.

The only doubt the Irishmen have thrown out about Prince Regent is whether he may not find the Grand National distance too far. My only personal doubt is as to whether all this racing with these very big weights on his back over such a long period may not have taken the edge off him. Was Baldoye necessary? As an admirer of any right good horse I should be pleased to see them miss the Gold Cup with him and save him up for April 5th. Surely he is worth it? They are going to do that with Chaka, so it is said, and I hope with Red Rower.

Sun Storm

IF recent indications are any guide, it looks as if this Sun's spot is to be the Lincoln, leaving the Champion Hurdle race at Cheltenham

to his stable companion, Distel, a warm favourite for that event, whilst they quote Sun Storm at 20's. In the Lincoln Distel is not awarded a figure, and they offer you 33 to 1 Sun Storm. I cannot think that he would be at that price if any definite decision had been made. It is either that, or that he is still not trusted on the flat. There was no sign of temperament when he won that maiden hurdle race at Nottingham on February 8th. He was getting 12 lb. from the odds-on favourite, Fordham, and beat him as and when he liked, passing the post with four lengths to spare. This just about cancels out the 12 lb. and perhaps does a bit more. Sun Storm had 10 st. 5 lb. on his back and the distance was 2 miles. Last season he was very excitable. Some people said that he turned it up in the Guineas, but I do not know whether that was actually so, though he may have. He certainly took a lot out of himself before the race. Anyway, he seems perfectly placid now, and, as has been the case with many others supposed to be shifty on the flat, obstacles in the path seem to put heart in him.

Perhaps

THE best price I see offered about Distel for the Champion Hurdle Race at Cheltenham is 2 to 1, and on the easy way he won at Nottingham on the same day as Sun Storm, I think the price is right. It may be that Miss Paget can take her pick with these two and win the Lincoln and the Champion Hurdle Race with either of them. Distel may be quite good enough to win the Lincoln with 8 st. 13 lb., if it is decided to keep Sun Storm at home. The stable is in such storming form that it would not be too safe to say what it may not do with these two races and with two others, the Gold Cup (March 14th) and the National (April 5th). Much stranger things might happen than this four in a row! Incidentally, it seems to a good many of us that strange and most unpleasant things will happen, unless some people watch it.

Snakes—a Caution

IN the good old times when this present deponent had something more than a nodding acquaintance with the colubrine, or any other variety of poisonous reptile, there was an officially-sponsored method of first-aid in case you were so unfortunate as to be bitten. "They" went so far as to issue a neat little surgical aid about the size of your thumb—a lancet in one end, permanganate crystals in the other, and the drill was, after putting on the obviously necessary tourniquet, to make a deep incision and fill it up with the permanganate. You were then recommended to hope for the best and fear the worst—anything from five minutes to an hour before acute thrombosis and paralysis, or asphyxial convulsions, which guaranteed a single ticket to Heaven, Béhists, Valhalla, or any other happy hunting-ground you might select. Now, the

same clever people who have discovered that hat, Gurkha, felt, one, is a better protection from the Solar Myth than 2 ins. of pith, say that, if you want to die quicker than the cobra or viper would arrange, the last thing you should use is permanganate. Rest of the drill as before—and the only real remedy immediate amputation. I knew that long ago. They still do not give one any instruction as to what to do if bitten on the neck. No one, so far, has been able to cut off his own head, and as to a ligature of the inner tube of a tyre, is strangulation pleasanter than asphyxial convulsion? It seems to me that we are just as much in the dark as we were before they discovered that permanganate was of no more use than a sick headache. The devastating similarity between infection by cobra venom and the germ of flirting remains. Colubrine venom contains some stuff called hæmolysin—a cardiac stimulant, likewise a neurotoxin. It seems to me that the non-conjugal germ is full of exactly the same components. Yes, amputation is your only safe remedy in each situation, unless, of course, one of those scientists can concoct a serum which will give people a permanent and unsightly cold in the head. It would cork up flirting and it might also shoo off the snakes. But, roundly speaking, the infected in both cases have just about as much chance as an ortolan has with a python.

It is hoped that some of this information may be of use to the Dauntless Three just off to Delhi!



"Psst, professor, not that way . . . this way!"



Mr. R. H. Nicholson's Silver Bonnet, winner of the Cambridgeshire Harriers Hunt Cup, Mr. D. L. Raker's Rastus and Mr. H. B. Naylor's Prince Bey



Col. J. F. Barclay, Mrs. P. Heywood, Lt. S. Barclay and Mrs. Brian Rootes



Mr. B. van Cutsem and Mr. H. C. Leader, two of the acting stewards



Miss Violet de Trafford, the third of Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford's four daughters

● Cambridgeshire Harriers organised the meeting, and although the weather was wet and cold and there was a high, blustering wind, everyone enjoyed themselves. The racing was excellent, with very few falls



Miss D'Erlanger, Miss Catherine de Trafford, Mrs. van Cutsem and her small son Hugh



Mr. Vincent Routledge, with Sir Humphrey and Lady de Trafford. Sir Humphrey is the fourth Baronet



Lord Irwin, the Earl of Halifax's son and heir, with his elder daughter, Caroline

Coursing in Lancashire

The Waterloo Cup Meeting
at Altcar



Seven people on a high perch were Mr. Noel Hardy, who had a runner; Miss Hardy, Mr. J. A. Dewar, owner of Dew Victory, which was beaten by Maesydd Michael in the Third Tie; Mrs. Hardy, Mrs. Osborne, Mr. J. V. Rank, who also had a runner, and Mr. Glidden Osborne



Mr. J. E. Dennis, owner of Dee Lunar, which ran against Glen Ben Tinto, and his daughter, Mrs. Williams



Major Peter Renwick and the secretary, Mr. C. H. Hobbs, who was watching a course from the inside of one of the cabs



Mrs. George Baxter, watching the course from her cab-stand, was well wrapped up against the weather

● The exciting uncertainty of coursing was demonstrated to the full at Altcar recently when Maesydd Michael was declared the winner of the Waterloo Cup. The winner is owned by Mr. D. K. Steadman, who is a noted breeder of greyhounds, and was nominated by Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, who won the Cup with White Collar in 1928



Mrs. Bobs Lucas with her dog, Dendera Reason, which ran very well and was only beaten by the winner, Maesydd Michael, in the semi-finals



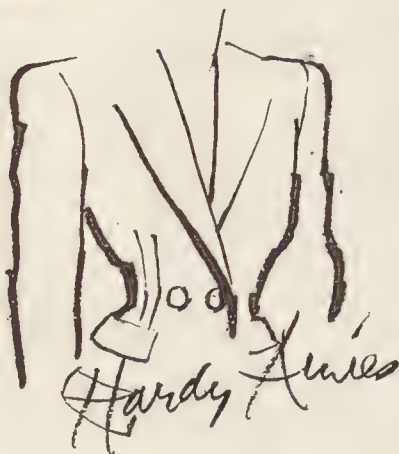
The Earl and Countess of Sefton, who both had runners in the Waterloo Cup, with their trainer, Richard Steel



Harold Wright, who has trained the winner of the Waterloo Cup nine times, with Mr. and Mrs. Steadman and Maesydd Michael



MODELS WILL HELP MEND OUR FINANCES



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"After six years of sterility in fashion, women want graceful, feminine clothes," says Hardy Amies (until a few months ago a colonel in a Parachute Regiment). It is this graceful, feminine line which is the outstanding feature of 1946 design, as I was able to see in the five days during which the world's buyers came to see the collections. To emphasise it, Worth introduces tiny fitting laced-up "stays," peplums showing much movement at the back, hips very rounded. Waists are small, large bustle bows accentuating the trimness of the figure.

Molyneux, true to his classic simplicity, concentrates largely on suits and coats. The suits, with jackets longer than of former years, are mostly belted, or, when unbelted, of the cardigan type and collarless. Skirts are straight and slim, even when pleated. One or two ensembles have a new-length box-coat—very short.

Peter Russell—a fanatic where detail is concerned—is true to his guiding principle of faultless cut and fit. Once more—with restrictions lifted for overseas—he can revert to his taffeta linings and petticoats to give the lovely "swish" synonymous with his name. Generally, jackets are 2 ins. longer than hitherto, their importance shown below the accentuated waistline in fluted backs and boldly-set pockets; cuffs are back, waists 1 in. lower in front, 2 ins. longer behind, and skirts, 2 ins. longer, flute-pleated and finely knife-pleated, now measure 18 ins. from the ground. Sixteen buyers, representing sixty or more famous overseas houses, are sending these British designs round the world. More of their chosen models will be found on page 312.

Photographs by Anthony Buckley

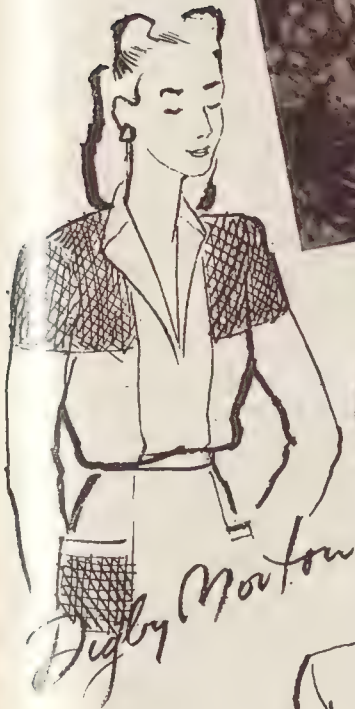
Sketches by Ruth Sheradski



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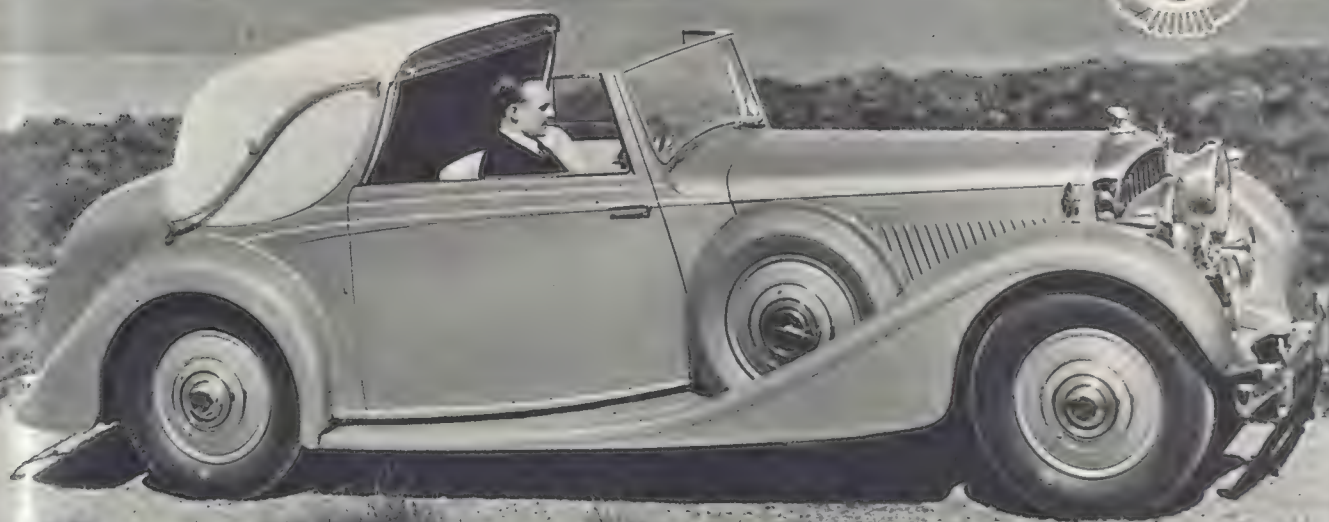
"Six years of suppression, repression, depression, suddenly released in one glorious outburst of munificence," so Hartnell, gazing fondly upwards at his famous chandeliers (now returned to their rightful home from safe deposit), describes his new collection. The feeling is evident in the ten high-couture collections—free at last of all restriction—recently shown for world export. BIANCA MOSCA indulges in a veritable orgy of bright daffodils, WORTH adds a rose under the chin to a hat already piquant and sparkling, STIEBEL swathes the hipline of a skirt luxuriously pleated, adds two enormous, brilliant roses to the shoulder for good measure

Photographs by Anthony Buckley

Sketches by Ruth Sheradski

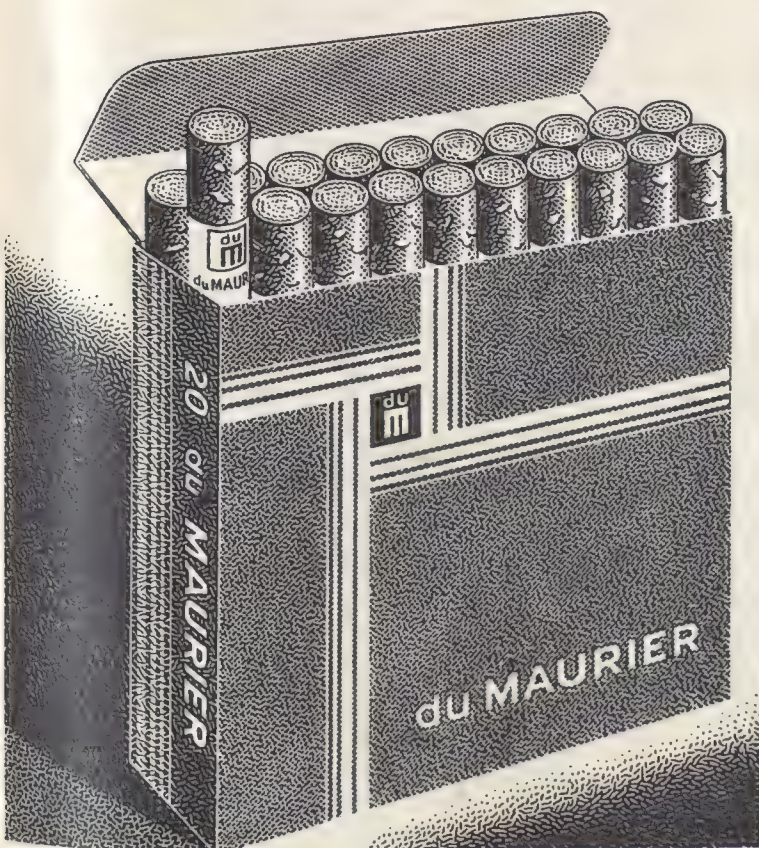
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ELIZABETH BOWEN

reviewing

BOOKS

"It is Also History"

To *Enemy Coast Ahead* (Michael Joseph; 12s. 6d.) Air Chief-Marshall Sir Arthur Harris, G.C.B., O.B.E., A.F.C., writes the Introduction. He has opened by saying: "This is a magnificent story, well and simply told by as great a warrior as these Islands ever bred. It is also History."

Who is the author, then? W/Cdr. Guy Gibson, V.C., D.S.O., D.F.C., leader of one of the most stupendous exploits of the war: the breaching of the Moehne and Eder dams. And what is the book? A record of the work of Bomber Command, from its earliest days to the great raids which, eventually, devastated Germany. *Enemy Coast Ahead* was completed shortly before the author flew over the enemy coast for the last time. He was reported missing from what was to have been his last flight over Germany as a master-bomber.

THE R.A.F. has produced a great literature. Again and again one has caught one's breath at passages from the writing of very young airmen—at the vividness with which they have been able to remember, at the illuminating language they have found. Some have given us stories; others, personal narratives covering different epochs of the war. Some—as did Richard Hillary in *The Last Enemy*—have, in their books, embodied their philosophy of life. In some cases, the writing of the book has seemed to have acted as a release, or to have helped the writer towards a personal equilibrium that he sought. In almost all Air Force writers, one has found traces of the naturally reflective man.

In this last particular, and perhaps in others, Guy Gibson was, I should say, an exception. He does not strike one as a naturally reflective man. Not a single self-analytical remark is to be found in these pages; and if *Enemy Coast Ahead* is (as I find it to be) the fullest, warmest, most near-up expression of personality war in the air has so far given us, this must be for the paradoxical reason that the idea of self-expression never occurred to him.

Colossus

IN fact, it would appear from the opening lines of his Foreword that the writing of this (for it could be no other) book was to him one more duty, manfully undertaken—a duty that

appeared to devolve on him from the very fact of having, so far, survived:

In writing this book on the past four years of war, I have had to work without notes, and without help from diaries. I have never kept a diary, because I never even dreamt that the lot would fall to me, in 1944, to try to describe the work of air crews in Bomber and Fighter Squadrons.

The fact that I have been extremely lucky to have survived goes without saying. Only a few will disagree and they don't know. But I hope that living people who have served with me will forgive me if I have left them out, or worse, put words into their mouths which they never said. A memory is a short thing, and flak never does it much good. However, the aim of this book is to illustrate the growth of a small baby in 1939 to the awesome colossus it has become to-day—the growth of Bomber Command.

"In this book," says Sir Arthur Harris, "he [Gibson] tells of the Bomber's work as he saw it from the necessarily somewhat limited viewpoint of an individual cog in a vast machine, as Commander of a Flight and later of a Squadron." It is, of course, just this viewpoint of the "individual cog" that makes *Enemy Coast Ahead* a work of genius. More comprehensive and less personal records will no doubt be compiled: but this book seems to me the first argument for urging the men who made history also to write it. To the making of history went the whole fabric of their personal lives. It is of such thousands of lives, of which his was one, that Guy Gibson gives us an inside day-and-night picture, covering years: he writes rapidly, communicatively, unself-consciously, with taut slang and not a single cliché; nothing is too small or silly to come in; he swings to and fro between hilarity and seriousness. Really, to read this book is more like being in the presence of a talker, watching the eyes glow and the face change.

Enemy Coast Ahead falls, roughly, into three parts: the early days of Bomber Command, with the raids on German shipping and military objectives, and the attacks on submarine bases and invasion barges. Then, in the bombing comparative lull of autumn 1940, the night-flying with Fighter Command, to which Gibson had asked to be transferred. Then, back with Bomber Command, with the new machines; the stepping-up, onward from 1942, of our air



"When I said Mr. Nash is responsible for some of our best-sellers, Cynthia, I didn't mean he digs vaults!"

offensive; the evolution of and rapid advances in the technique of precision bombing; and, finally, the long preparations for, and breathless carrying out of, the Moehne-Eder attack, May 1943. These particular chapters are like nothing else in writing that I know: only Gibson could have given us this account, and one must feel profoundly thankful that he did so. The language is burningly simple—as though it had found itself.

All Sides

THERE is a good deal of comedy in this book. For instance, the chapter entitled "Interlude" gives an unblushing account of hitherto unrevealed hostilities in Lincolnshire—that "bloodless battle royal between two age-old rivals, the Bomber Barons and the Fighter Glamour Boys." It was at what could hardly have been a more inauspicious moment, not long after the Battle of the Snakepit (Lincoln), that Gibson reported to 29 Fighter Squadron, Digby, for Flight-Commander (flying) duties. "Since the earliest days of the R.A.F. there have always," he says, "been two very different breeds, different both by temperament and by virtue of their job, the bombers and the fighters." Further on—page 167—he has some fuller, considered passages about this: indeed, as the war and the book go on, the author's judgment

(Concluded on page 316)

CARAVAN CAUSERIE

By Richard King

WHEN the Ancients were about it, I often wonder why they never created a symbolical god for the Perversity-of-Little-Things. Venus and Mars, for example, are terribly over-worked, but at any rate Mars has his eras "off" even though Venus does continue everlastingly to be one of those women who have only to poke her nose in anywhere to be convinced that she is welcome. But the God of Perversity goes on so continuously in a slow fox-trot that he never requires a "breather." Or when, perchance, he does miss a step he invariably makes up for it by performing a devastating gallop.

This is the god who makes the world small when you want it to be vast, and makes it vast when you want it to be the size of a pea.

He brings you face to face with the people you wish to avoid and always contrives that you miss by a split-second those you yearn to see. He contrives that the postman is always late when you wait anxiously for the letter upon which so much depends. On the other hand, anything in a buff-coloured envelope never misses a single delivery.

When you are in a hurry he breaks your boot-laces, and when you are looking everywhere for something you discover articles which you haven't seen for years, but never the one you seek. He gives

you a bad cold on the very evening when you have booked a seat in a theatre well in advance. He arranges for the biggest travelling bore in your compartment to go every inch of your way, but sees to it that the engaging stranger gets out at the next stop.

He robs your neighbourhood of your nicest friends and plants down a family of Disagreeables in their place. You have only to put on a brand-new hat to break a drought, and to carry a heavy mackintosh and umbrella is his signal for a lovely day.

He allows you to break your Worcester teaservice, but gives everlasting life to your Utility teapot. He marries off the sweetest-tempered man to a "nagger," and plans that the most unselfish wife never runs short of heroic opportunities.

I RATHER suspect he was instrumental in taking dried eggs off the market and allowing the Food Ministry to promise a return of spam! I myself am positive he dislikes my refrigerator—it always breaks down during the very warmest spells.

These, of course, are only a few examples of the God of Perversity and his winning little ways. When you are youngish and not yet conversant with his

poisoned darts, your feelings range from perplexity to pandemonium. As you grow older, you get more wary. You are up to his dodges. You can almost hear him chuckling. "Hope" seems to lose its "pins" as you become more aware. You just look forward with a certain longing, but never expect much. You mend your "dreams" and make-do.

At last, it rather astonishes you when those you love the best haven't got a ticket for the Antipodes in their pockets. You fully expect that the Family Tyrant will become a centenarian without difficulty and anticipate that your new domestic, having proved herself a "treasure," will forthwith marry the postman.

You regard it as just a bit of god-like "fun" when you find yourself at long last first in the queue, only to discover that frozen cod alone remains. Or that the biggest bore you know is "not at home" when you perform your annual social duty. Or, on the coldest night of the year, the cat marches in, tail-erect, the first time you call him. Having got to this stage of preparedness, it may almost be said that the God of Perversity has little use for you. He will, of course, get you now and then. But, so to speak, experience has "got him taped." And Fate often ceases to harm you when you have prepared for the worst. It likes you rather numbed.

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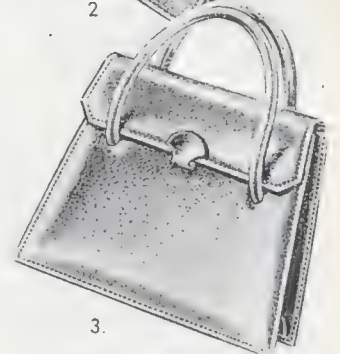


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Stories from Everywhere

A CROWD had gathered round a man selling tins of corn-cure. After a long speech he asked if anyone had bought a tin before.

A voice from the back of the crowd shouted: "Yes, I had a box last week." "Thank you, sir," said the itinerant salesman. "And did you find it did all I say?"

"Yes—and more. My wife used it to polish the furniture, and it took all the knobs off the chest of drawers."

A YOUNG boy was in the witness box giving evidence, and he was so much at ease and answering the questions put to him so fluently that the judge was somewhat suspicious. "Did anyone tell you what to say in court before you came here?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, sir," replied the boy.

Counsel for the defence was up in arms at once.

"I felt sure this witness had been tampered with," he snapped.

The judge turned to the boy. "Will you tell me," he said, "who told you what to say?"

"My father, sir," answered the boy. "He said the lawyers would try to get me all tangled up, but if I stuck to the truth, I would be quite all right."

AN enthusiastic angler wished to have a quiet afternoon's fishing at the river, but on arriving at a suitable spot he found that he had lost the worms he intended using for bait.

He looked around for an additional supply, but had no luck. He was getting impatient, when he came across a snake endeavouring to swallow a frog.



Children's Hospital Birthday Cake

"Uncle Mac" of the B.B.C. cuts a birthday cake on St. Valentine's Day at the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street. The occasion was the ninety-fourth birthday of the Hospital

upon he decided to use the frog for bait, but found, however, that it was no easy task to rob the snake of its dinner. Finally, he took out his brandy flask and poured a few drops of liquid into the side of the reptile's mouth. He was able to get the frog quite easily and he returned to his fishing site.

After fishing for about twenty minutes he felt something nudging his elbow. He looked round and there was the snake with another frog in its mouth.

"LOOK here," said the punter to a bookie during the last race, "I notice your prices are much shorter than anyone else's."

"Yes," replied the bookie, "but so are my legs."

ELIZABETH BOWEN reviewing BOOKS

(Continued from page 314)

seems to mature; the first fine high-handed boyish intolerance gives place to something deeper. It is on this same page that he says:—

Some will have wondered why, during my association with both types of pilot, I have made so much mention of parties and of beer. The reason is simple and true. In a squadron, the boys live, eat, sleep and face death together. Some are lucky and keep going and sometimes finish their tour of operations, others don't. If the lucky ones who get good at the game were to sneak out on their off nights with some girl, perhaps to a quiet movie, they would never get to know their squadron, and the squadron would never get to know them: The younger members would do the wrong things at night, and squadron spirit would die. However, the one and only plan is to go out with the boys, drink with them, lead them into thinking they are the best; that they cannot die. . . .

The squadron spirit is, and will live for ever, in *Enemy Coast Ahead*. This is an unvarnished picture: and it is full of faces. There are girls in it: wives—the author's, and the so-often tragic wives of his friends. This great, youthful, heroic book is a book to keep, for one's sons' sons. What was in Gibson's mind when, after the Battle of Britain, he adds to his exclamation: "Let us pray, here and now, that those men will be remembered for ever," that strange proviso, "and especially in ten or twenty years time"?

Sporting Pictures

Sporting Pictures of England, by Guy Paget (Britain in Pictures Series, Collins, 4s. 6d.), pays tribute to a vigorous, pleasing and too much neglected form of English art. The trouble, as Major Paget says, is that in these days the majority of people who know about sport don't know about art; and vice versa. Also, that the best work in this genre is chiefly in private collections. The illustrations, especially those in colour, are quite lovely; and much useful background knowledge is supplied.

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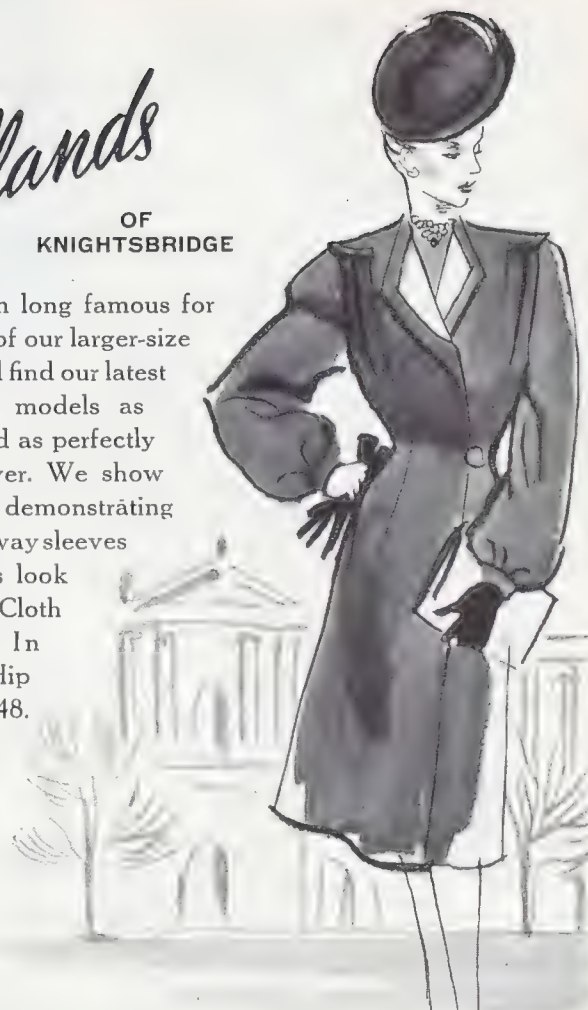
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AIR EDDIES

By Oliver Stewart

Clubs and Subsidies

INSTEAD of deploring Lord Winster's decision not to grant regular subsidies to the light aeroplane clubs, we ought, I believe, to welcome it. Subsidies is the slippery path that leads to Government control. Without subsidies the clubs will be freer than they have been in the past.

Some will find it impossible to continue. All will find it necessary to charge high prices for flying. But flying ought to demand economic fees. There is no reason, other than the military one, why a person who wants to fly should be able to call upon the assistance of tax-payers who don't.

In short, all subsidy in aviation tends to have a military purpose. The great State Corporations that are to be set up to run our air lines will be able to call for subsidies, and I am confident that they will become primarily military organizations.

Before the war the flying clubs were subsidized, and in consequence they tended to turn themselves into training establishments for Royal Air Force and Fleet Air Arm pilots. They did good work in this direction (in spite of erroneous official statements to the contrary) but they damaged their essentially civilian status.

Unity and Strength

WHEN flying was really civil it was unsubsidized. Before World War I taught flying to be belligerent it was a civilian process, unsubsidized by the Government and almost allowed to go its own way without interference. And again for a short time after that earlier war flying was unsubsidized and free.

Then came the period of subsidy and with it the period of enslavement to the Government and of militarization. I believe that some clubs are now going to make flying pay on their own. And if they do, they will be far stronger than any subsidized club could ever be.

That does not mean, however, that there is no need to fight the present Government's disregard for private and club flying. In the days when aviation



Fairey Firefly Mark IV

First flying photographs of the Fairey Firefly Mark IV, which is now in full production for the Royal Navy at the Hayes factory of the Fairey Aviation Company

was young, British Governments were not in a position to interfere so much with the activities of individuals as they are now. Today the clubs must be ready at all times to oppose restrictions and official obstacles.

That is why I welcomed the statement that came from the Royal Aero Club the other day that an association of British Aero Clubs was being formed under the chairmanship of Air Commodore Whitney Straight. That association will be urgently needed. And there is no better man to guide it than Whitney Straight.

Political Arithmetic

As an advocate of the metric system for all aeronautical purposes and for many other purposes as well, I was entertained by a brief passage in Parliament the other day between Mr. John Strachey, the Under-Secretary of State for Air, Mr. Stokes and Mr. Keeling. Mr. Strachey rashly undertook to translate into "actual numbers" the expression "point five per cent."

Mr. Strachey tried hard to keep off arithmetic. He

THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, MARCH 6, 1946

began by saying, "Point five means one half," but Mr. Stokes, with characteristic pertinacity, rushed in with the remark: "Will the Minister translate his percentage into the actual numbers involved? How many are there?"

If Mr. Strachey had been back at his old business of radio broadcasting, the gong would have sounded loud and long when he gave the reply—which finds its place for posterity in Hansard—"It is one in twenty." Fortunately a correction came from Mr. Keeling.

I suppose that we in this country shall always feel unhappy about decimalization so long as we stick to our antiquated system of weights and measures. If we went metric we should not only be doing a sensible thing, but we should be spreading an understanding of the advantages of decimalization. I should add that some of the most important aircraft companies—I can think of de Havilland, Fairey and Bristol off-hand—already provide metric equivalents for all the figures they issue in their catalogues and other pamphlets.

But what a waste it is that we should have to use two systems in order to make ourselves understood to others as well as to ourselves. The Government will be blessed which makes a move to standardize the metric system in British engineering.

Hot Air Cars

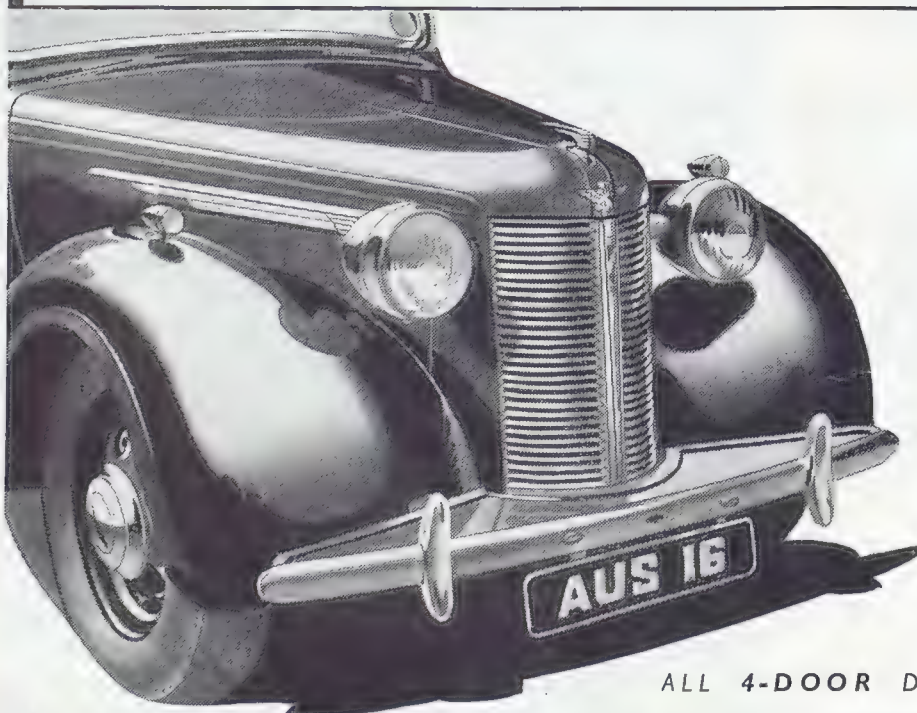
AFTER the atom car, the hot air car. Reuters sent out towards the end of last month a delightful story about a high-powered, hot-air engine, "suitable for automobiles and perhaps aeroplanes." It is said to have been developed by the Philips Lamp Company.

Personally I have been waiting to find an alternative to the petrol engine for some kinds of motoring for a long time. For instance, the brief shopping and station runs might be done more conveniently with an electric vehicle. I tried an electric motor car, built on the lines of the electric milk delivery vans, and by the same company, before the war.

It had everything that was needed. Silence, simplicity and easy starting. It could be charged overnight. Its only serious drawbacks as a short range runabout were high first-cost and low top-speed.

I shall certainly watch the next news item about the Philips car with special interest.

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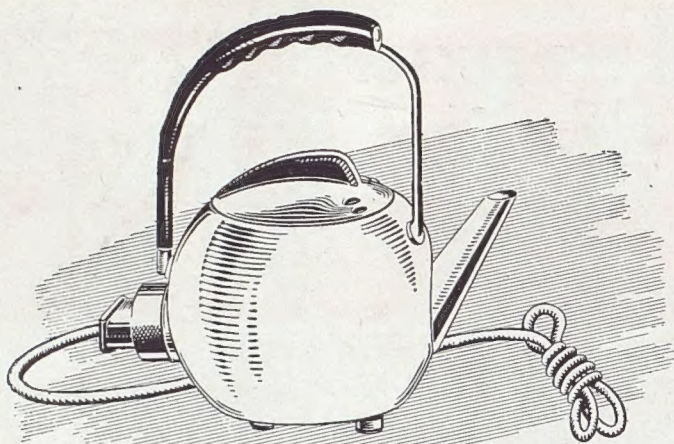
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